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God's Judgements

AGAINST

^{1485 627}
S I N:

O R, A

R E L A T I O N
O F

Three Dreadful Fires

Happening in the CITY of

EDINBURGH.

Poematized by *James Porterfield*, School-
Master in *Edinburgh*.

A M O S 4. II.

*I have overthrown some of you, as G O D overthrew Sodom and Go-
morrah, and ye were as a Firebrand pluckt out of the Burning: Yet
have ye not returned unto Me, saith the L O R D.*

E D I N B U R G H,

Printed by *James Watson*, M. DCC. II.



To the Right Honourable;
S^r. Patrick Johnston

LORD PROVEST:

And one of Her Majesties most Honourable
Privy Council.

HUGH CUNNINGHAME,
WILLIAM HUTCHESON,
WILLIAM NEILSON,
JOHN HAY. } Bailies.

Adam Brown Dean of Guild,
John Cleghorn Treasurer,
Robert Inglis Deacon Conveener:
Thomas Fisher Chamberlain.

And the rest of the Honourable MEMBERS of the Council of
the City of *EDINBURGH*.

Very Honourable,

AS *Jonathan*, the Son of *Saul*, shot Three
Arrows for *David's* safetie; so the incen-
sed **GOD** shot out of the Magazine
of His wrath, Three lamentable Fiery Darts
lately on this City, to stir up and awake the
Inhabitants thereof from Impietie, which
were.

()
were the Causes of these Direful Judgments,
to which Thousands, aswell as I, were Eye-
Witnesses. *May it please your Honours,*
I have presum'd, in a low Stile, to relate and
tender them to you, who are now the pre-
sent careful Patrons of this Distress'd Citie,
and as to Persons most eminent in Piety,
Vertue and Learning; and whose Honours
have given sufficient Testimonys of your Fa-
vour and Fidelity in the last Accidental Fire
in the *Land Mercat*, by that Anxious care, all
and each of you had in the extinguishing
thereof: And I zealously implore the GOD
of Peace and Love to Sanctifie you wholly,
that your pious way and Conversation may
be still a Light and pure Pattern to all the In-
habitants of the City, that they by conform-
ing their Lives thereto, may thereby prevent
any more Judgments; which shall be alwise
the Prayer of,

Right Honourable,

Your Honours

Most Humble

Servant,

James Porterfield.



A M O S 4. II.

*I have overthrown some of you, as G O D overthrew Sodom
and Gomorrah, and ye were as a Firebrand pluckt out of
the Burning : Tet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the
Lord.*

NO Kingdom's free from Scourge where Sin abounds,
(Th' offended G O D still visits and surrounds)
Nor Isle, nor Region, neither Colony,
Whatever part they under Heaven ly,
Nor Cities, Towns, nor Castles of Defence,
All unto Him must pay Obedience,

All are before Him, what they are about
He knows, and can find every Sinner out,
Tho' ne'er so far remote, where e'er they ly,
None are obscure from His All-seeing Eye.
He all their Actions weighs ; if Good, He will
Prolong their Days, and give them Blessings still,
They shall possess the Labour of their hands,
And plenty shall adorn still all their Lands.

If Bad, He sends His Heralds to declare
He wills them to Amend, or else beware
Of His sad Judgements, He'l admit no place
To be pollute, nor impious Sins embrace.

How oft have We, unhappy People We,
Withstood His Agents and His Ministrie?
How oft have they our doleful Case deplor'd,
And stubborn Necks, and slighting of His word?
How oft have they with flowing Tears and Cries
Dehorted us from our Impieties.

Our Sins of many kinds they have displaid,
And Judgements too, but made us not afraid.

They have inform'd us of a Noble Prize
To be purchas'd : Yet we shut our Eyes.

How careful have they been to win us home?

Yet stubborn We hold back, and will not come.

Their

Their Preachings, Fasts, and Prayers to prevent
For our great Sins, our doleful punishment,
Are but as Wind, and they are spent in vain,
No Admonition calls us back again.

Anno 1698
and 1699.

O see Mens Frailty, who have Flesh and Blood,
They apter are for doing ill, than good.
Tho' also to awake us from our Sin
Our Horse, and Cattel have consumed been
And Straits, and Dearth our Land have overway'd,
And Thousand Lives therewith have been dismay'd:
Many through want of Bread dropt at our Feet,
And Lifeless lay upon the common Street.
The Sword did not destroy ; Yet many di'd
And were cut off from what they had enjoy'd :
Those Plagues leave no Impression on the Flock,
And Ministers seem Plowing on a Rock.

Darien.

As a Fierce mighty Wind the Sea outbraves,
Raising a lost its high disturbed Waves,
Where a Huge One, on the next Rock doth split,
Then comes another, and another yet,
And then a larger, threatening all the way,
And dares the Rock which doth unmoved stay.
So comes Heavens Rods one at anothers back,
Menacing Ruine and devouring Wrack ;
Yet w' are not mov'd neither by Dearth, nor Death,
We still provoke G O D's Judgements unto Wraths:
We ly on Downy Beds, devise and sleep,
But never dream that grievous Sins wound deep ;
Nor have consider'd wealth hath early Wings,
And in the Morning oft her Farewel Sings.

He who to Day had Golden Sums in store,
To morrow may like naked *Jeb* be poor:
Our Riches now, which never knew a Gale
Of wind and weather, taketh Wings to Sail ;
Our Golden Treasures, we did chiefly prize,
To other Coasts removeth from our Eyes,
They must weigh Anchor, they must lanch and go,
Here's great Commissions, and it shall be so.

Go.

Go wealthy Stock, wander about and roam,
 Let's have the Product at returning home ;
 Hasten you Loaded with your Spice and Silks :
 As Cattel do at night their streaming Milks,
 Who all the Day in flowery Meadows feed,
 So bravely yield the increase of our seed.

Thousands are here imploy'd, and all set out
 To Scrutinize, and to Survey about,
 And Stock'd with Silver Treasures they set Sail,
 The Wind blows fair, and † *Hope* hopes to prevail: [a Ship
 They dive for Increase, and they stretch for Gold,
 As Neighbour Nations did in days of old ;
 Whose Infancie a smaller Trade did show,
 Than ours by far, so that our Stock may grow.

O how uncertain are Mens Hopes : how soon,
 Scarce past the Morning, yea before it's Noon;
 That wealthy Trade wherein we so much joy'd,
 (No Act secures what GOD will have destroy'd)
 It comes to nought, and our fair *Rising-Sun*
 Was in Eclipse, ere half the Day was run,
 And *Caledon*, one of our Richest Breed,
 Is not come back with Product nor with Seed.
Saint Andrew too so Noble and so Gay,
 In coming home hath wander'd by the way:
 The *Unicorn* counted too Brave and Trim,
 We see no Sail, nor Anchor have of him.
 As for our *Hope*, in whom we hoped most,
 Within that *Hope*, our double hopes are lost.
 Our Thousands also do Misfortunes meet,
 Some fell o'ercome below the *Spaniard's* Feet,
 And some are starved unto Death, some pine
 Who thought they should in Golden Vestures shine:
 And they are dead, whose hopeful Lives of late
 Thought on the purchase of a brave Estate.

Now all is vanish'd, and our wealth is gone,
 As passing Clouds before the Morning Sun.

English and *Dutch*, wanted no power to Cross,
 They feed their Eyes to see the *Scottish* Loss, Swell'd

Swell'd with their wishes, as our greatest Foe;
Still ever urge to hold our Honours low.

Not moved yet, for this so great Distress
We still continue in our Wickedness.
Do we provoke still? do we not give o'er?
Are we no softer than we were before?
And doth not Death, and Penury take place,
Nor want of Honour, nor sense of Disgrace?
Do we remain still in Offences high,
Provoking yet a Potent Majesty?

O Sinful Land, what Vengeance will ye urge?
Must Flaming *Vulcan* your next Judgements purge
You from Transgressions? must your Citie burn,
O backward People ere ye will return?
It shall be so, since former Rods are laugh't,
They think them nothing, and will not be taught;
No Scourge, nor Warnings move them, tho' they bleed,
Like idle Boys they will in play proceed,
They value them as Palms upon the hand,
At which they shrink not, nor obey command.

*The Fire at the head of the Cannongate
the 6th. of November 1696.*

NOW comes a Herauld to the City Gate,
And threatens to lay Waste and Desolate;
He carries Ruine on his dreadful Wings,
And all along he our Destruction Sings.
His Proclamation says, That he is sent
To scourge the Place, with flaming Punishment,
And at the Portal thereof frowning stands,
And holds the Dire Commission in his hands,
Commands the Flames to rise, and to devour,
And to consume, and to make many poor,
To lay their Rich and Costly Fabricks low:
Arise my Flames, arise it shall be so.

Now

Now in some Room, of a small spark, a Seed
 A larger spark, it of it self doth breed,
 And from that brood a pettie Flame arose
 Within the Room, and larger there it grows;
 The place too small no more can it contain,
 Forth it will go, and it will mount amain
 To the next Land, that kindled too salutes
 His Neighbour fair, with his infecting scouts;
 Those kindled thus, they then make speedy way,
 And forthwith march, and do the Clouds survey,
 Where with their smoke they highly do Aspire
 And o'er the Walls they show their Dreadful Fire.

The next in danger hard pursu'd by Fate
 And burning Flame, they thinking it too late
 To fly for safety, get into the Street
 Half Cloath'd, half Naked, glad of winged Feet.

While the loud crackling and tumultuous Noise
 Shake off the slumber from some others Eyes;
 And Bells now sing a Melancholy Song
 To call together Bold, and Workmen strong,
 And Drums they beat Allarums, to defend,
 And bring this burning *Vulcan* to an end:
 While he in's Triumph, conquering doth cry,
 As are your Sins, so shall my Flames be high,
 Ye have incens'd your G O D, who sent me here
 In this same Method, as I now appear,
 To Consume, to Undo, to Overthrow,
 Your Habitations and bring them low:
 What signify your Waters to my force,
 They but incense me, to be worse and worse:
 Your Labours are unto my Wrath but fuel,
 And irritate it now to be more cruel:
 But understand ye strive against your G O D
 And me His Servant, and revenging Rod.

Yet Workmen labour, and still Water pour
 Upon the Flames, which greedily devour,

With Ladders they do mount among the heat,
 Endeavouring the Tyrant to defeat;
 Engines are not a wanting, every hand,
 Do all they can his fury to withstand,
 Some pull down Houses standing in the way,
 That so they may his sad Designs betray;
 They labour hard in smoke, they Sweat, they Toil
 Still to prevent Destruction and more Spoil,
 And some in threatening Precipices cry,
 Is there no Succour? Is no Water nigh?
 Are there no Buckets now which may be had,
 Against proud *Vulcan* that's with Anger mad?
 Some carry Goods, and some away do run
 With plenish'd Chests, as if they were their own;
 While in this time, the Flames yet higher grow,
 That sweating Workmen know not what to do,
 Some here do work, others climb there apace,
 Yet never miss the Tyrant from their Face.
 And causes them immediatly retire,
 Or to be lost amidst consuming Fire,
 Some think by streams his power to command,
 But he, alas, gets still the upper hand,
 He swallows straight, as Whales who do defy
 The lesser Fish, and gut up all the fry:

O Heaven help, say they, our labour's vain,
 Thy Giant dire doth all our Force disdain,
 He's like to ruine us, and we must yield
 His Flames they rule as Captains of the field.

Mean while he says, know ye with whom ye deal,
 You sinful Flock, ye see how I prevail,
 Your Streets, and all your Houses I cou'd waste,
 And leave none standing now to be possesst.
 Yea, and your selves I cou'd destroy withall,
 And not leave one to stand upon a wall,
 For that your Sins do for such Vengeance call.

Now in the midst of Justice ye shall see
 My Master loves no Acts of Tyranny,

And

And for His Mercys sake, and for the Crys,
 Of some that's pure amongst you in His Eyes,
 My Flames shall fall: Let them a warning be,
 And do no more provoke His Majestie,
 And of your former Sins. People, Repent,
 And be no longer thus impenitent.

Next he aloud crys o'er the City wall,
 And show'd the power, which he had withall.
 You walled Town, confess your Sins, Repent,
 You are not far from this same Punishment:
 Amend, I say, Amend, or this same Rod,
 Which shews you there is an incensed G O D,
 Will lay that Beautie which adorns your Land
 Like Rubbish low, and powder it to Sand,
 So full of Force, and ample's my Command.
 Even as that Sand that lyeth near the Shore
 And shall not have that Beautie to boast more;
 You may remember I was there before.

But for a while as I am now ordain'd
 My Wrath and Indignation is restrain'd,
 To see what Fruit His Mercy will produce,
 If that they will incline to pious use,
 Take heed this favour ye do not abuse.

But sometimes will some petty visit pay
 To several straglers that are gone astray,
 And sometime will a Hand or Wing display:
 To shew you that I still among you dwell,
 And keeps my Lodging in a private Cell;
 Wherefore be sure to studie to live well.
 Tho I am silent, and my covert keep,
 Yet know I neither slumber nor do sleep.
 I'll watch your steps, as Shepherds do their Sheep.
 Notorious Errours keep me still awake,
 And at my pleasure I will visit make;
 I never do a sinning Land mistake.

Have ye forgot the days that were of old;
 When your Ancestors did my wrath behold

Near the foundation of your Judgment Seat,
 How I did scourge, because their Crimes were great;
 And then destroy'd their Houses and their Lives,
 Made Children Fatherless and mourning Wives;
 And many times since that hath breathed out,
 And sadly whipt both here and thereabout,
 To be Examples to Posteritie,
 But those, nor these will yet a warning be.

Have ye not Pastours likewise to make peace?
 If so from leudness ye will now surcease;
 Wherefore, O Flock, be warned now by those,
 And be not to your selves impious Foes,
 And let those Judgements cause you to bemoan
 Your grievous Sins, provoking G O D alone;
 Then shall ye fear no dreadful Rods, ye shall
 Be fed with blessings, and be blest in all;
 Your Ships shall have commerce, and from Abroad
 They shall return with a full weighty Load;
 Your Children they shall happy be, and Eat
 About your Tables side by side their Meat,
 Your Cattel shall be Fruitful, and your Flocks
 Shall bounce about your Pastures, Fields and Rocks,
 Ye shall be blest at Home, and in the Plain,
 And ye shall never want refreshing Rain,
 And wholesome Winds, and with the Keys of Grace
 Open Heavens Store-house to your happy Race:
 But if ye do as formerly, and will
 Impiously in Sin continue still;
 The *Meagrim* then be sure, and *Gout* and *Stone*
 Shall vex thee still with many Pangs in One,
 Thy hopefull Flocks in part shall barren be,
 And part shall yield Abortives unto thee,
 And stormy Winds shall cause thy Ships to fail;
 Thou shalt not see their long'd for Linnen Sail;
 Accurst at Home, unhappy in the Plain,
 Thy Labours bootless, and thy cares in vain,
 Thy ground shall be as *Steel*, the Heav'ns of *Brass*,
 Thy Fountains dry, and G O D displeas'd, alas,

Thou

Thou shalt reap little where thou much did'st sow
 And too that little one half shall not grow :
 Yea thou shalt build, another shall possess
 Thy Gardens, Orchards, and thy Palaces,
 Nor will His Vengeance sleep, it will arise
 And make your Wealths and Lands a Sacrifice:
 Your stately Houses he will cause expire
 In mighty Flames and fierce devouring Fire,
 What shall He do, for few or none draws near
 For any Sin to shed a real Tear?

They do the Sermons hear, they Fast they Pray?
 But none do Fast, and beg the noblest way,
 Their Hearts do wander still and go astray.

O ye obdur'd and stubborn as the Jews,
 Ye both GOD's Servants and your selves abuse;
 I'll therefore on in Justice and proceed
 And I your Tow'ring Palaces will tread,
 I have got orders to bring down their height,
 And cause a dreadful and a stormy night.
 Your shining Towers as Chrystal to the Eye,
 Shall all dejected in their ashes ly,
 And smoke shall thicken the benighted Skie.
 The Moon therewith shall be Eclips'd, the Race
 Of splendide Stars shall lose their wonted Grace,
 That dismal night shall pour down Fire as Snow,
 And blind the Eyes of those who dwell below,
 And Men shall wonder at the dreadful show.

*The great Fire in the Parliament Closs, hap-
 pening the 3d. of February 1700.*

I Must arise again, and must arrouse,
 And show more Terrour in my furrow'd Brows,
 And speedily for those I warn'd before
 From their Rebellions have not yet g'ven o'er.

Now as some Monster in his silent Den
 Had lurked long, begins to rouse again,

Stretch

Stretching his cracking Joints, disdains to stay,
 But will abroad, and will the Air survey;
 So close at first the hidden Monster lay
 Till Night approach'd, and had outworn the Day,
 Within his dark Pent Room he bred along
 Untill he grew thus violent and strong,
 That he aloft cou'd through the Raltirs go,
 And carrie Stories with him in a row.
 Then Glasses flie, Lead melts, and Windows doom
 To give him Scope, and larger Elbow room,
 And mocking now his secret Cave will out,
 And fire the Houses that are round about;
 He like Contagion spreadeth out His Wings,
 And owns the Quarrel of the King of Kings,
 And larger still the roaring Lion grew,
 And from his paces Fire and Lightning flew.

Now like some rich and mighty Murderer,
 Who hath got loose, in publick doth appear
 To act new Mischiefs, and withall so bold,
 He dares the World to tax him with the Old:
 So doth this mighty Roarer now abroad
 Triumphs above in an incensed mood,
 And uncontrol'd from House to House he leaps,
 Consumeth all, and layeth heaps on heaps.

As One doth in the middle of a field
 That's fully ripe, and doth its increase yield,
 Arround he with his Sickle in his hand
 Soon bares the place about where he doth stand:
 So without stop *Vulcan* bestirs apace,
 And of a Fertile makes a Barren place.
 The murmuring Flock are frightned to behold,
 So great a Ruine swelling uncontroll'd;
 While some for safety fly to save their Lives,
 And some leave Children helpless and their Wives,
 Some trust their Boxes and their wealthy store
 In hands of Robbers whom they see no more:
 As those who live near rocky shores behold
 With joy, a Vessel wrackt with Tuns of Gold;

So do those Robbers here attend on prey,
And make all Prize that they can bear away.

While some do mourn, others amazing stand,
To see the downfall of each Noble Land,
Others cry, Help, and do for Water call;
While tumbles down a stately squared wall:
Buckets are of no use in these Extreame;
Let Wells alone, call hither mighty Streams,
O call imperious Tides and Baltick Seas:
But what can damp a Storm which Heaven doth raise?

A boisterous Western Wind wou'd seem to blow
Out all these Flames which Domineered so,
The more it blew, they still increase the higher,
And Palaces stand flaming in the Fire.

Mens help is fruitless, and their Hearts do faint,
Their Labours vain, their time is idly spent,
What is Mans force against a mighty hand,
And burns surrounding by Supream Command,
And from his flaming Vial poureth still,
The wrath and Vengeance of provoked ill:
The Flames are high, and they as highly roar,
Louder then at the *Canongate* before,
Cracklings of Stones, and Timber make a noise,
So do the Workmen raise up Yells and Cries.

Now *Babylon*, who of thy height was proud,
Kissing along the Airy passing Cloud,
And of thy Top didst glory which was fair,
Dwelling among the Regions of the Air,
Viewing the Sun even in the prime of Day,
And didst at Night, thine head with Stars display:
Let's no more Sing of thy so great Renown,
With Violence thy Pride is tumbled down,
Thy Tresses, fair and glorious Attire,
Are they not low now by a blast of Fire?
Those chrystal locks and windows spread by Fame
Are burn'd o'erturn'd and buri'd in the Flame.

The Neighbour Fort long spying our distress,
And seeing Ruine yet grow nothing less:

But

But that it more increas'd, bewails to see
 The falling of the Kingdoms Gallantrie,
 And said, alas ! I can no help afford
 Against a naked and a flaming Sword,
 There's no Defence for thee, and who can rise
 Against a GOD with red hot burning eyes,
 I may bemoan thy Miseries and Loss,
 And shake mine Head, and hold mine Arms accross,
 And may my Vassals round about awake,
 That they to thee may timeous succours make,
 And let my moans be heard the City o'er,
 Beloved Neighbour, I can do no more.

More Ruine and Destruction spreads apace,
 And brings to Rubbish every Noble place,
 Threaten the Sacred Temple, and the Throne
 Our Royal Kings were us'd to sit upon;
 Swelling with fury more and more they turn
 Our Chrystal Halls to their untimely Urn,
 And in their wrath they spare not to confound,
 And throw our Glory on the shaking ground,
 The Marble Floors and the fair shining Roof
 Against the Tyrant cannot find a Proof,
 The costly props of Iv'rie dented Beds
 Plenish'd with Down, contemptuously treads,
 He mocks our Carpet Seats, no value sets
 On shining Boards, and Silver Cabinets,
 The hangings daub'd with Tyrian Silk and Gold
 Are sacrific'd, and unto dust are sold.

The Rubie Wine, which used to allay
 The Thirst of Strangers on the common way,
 And did chear up their fainting Hearts, and Grape,
 For all the shifts they cannot make escape,
 Nor can secure themselves, tho' they do ly
 In humble Cells, and shady coverts by,
 He follows close, and thither he will go,
 And suck the Grape, and drink the Wine below.
 And in his Wrath he will no favour show.

He leaves no place unspy'd, nor will retire,
Till he hath set Brandy and Coal a Fire,
Two Loyal Subjects to him in his Ire,
That they below inflam'd may too confound,
As well as he doth all the upper ground,

The Patrons of the City who beheld
This wasting Vulture, who could not be quell'd
By all their threatning Engines and Commands,
And great Rewards to all Out-quenching hands:
But who prevails now against *Moses* Rod,
The only Finger and the hand of G O D,
They stand amaz'd, and then with Tears bemoan
The stately Fabricks into ashes gone:
Some yet are kindling, others half burn'd down,
Some to save others are by hands o'erthrown,
Some totally are ruin'd and give o'er
'Cause they want Substance to continue more,
Others their tops consume aright and smoke
Ascend from some, from whom the Flames not brook:
But none of these escape the fatal stroke.
Tho' that the careful Fathers all night spent
Both Art and Strength the Rapine to prevent.

Now long ere day the *Consul* * *Home* arose,
Whose Eyes no slumber nor no sleep cou'd close,
His early care had robb'd him of that rest;
Whil'st crys of Neighbours pierc'd his tender breast
As he drew nigh unto the Council Seat,
The Flames did show the place he wou'd be at,
The nearer he advanc'd greater's the light,
Like a pale day into the midst of night.

Now he whose youth had met with sad annoys,
And had the Trials both of grief and joys,
This headed Hydra up and down he view'd,
And saw that he his wasting way pursu'd
His Mind from sorrow he cannot restrain,
It must be touch'd with boundless grief again,

* *Earl of*
March-
mont
High
Chancel-
lor of
Scot-
land.

C

Whose

Whose influence did cause his inward crys;
And made the Tears come pouring from his Eyes;
And what Mens hands cou'd not at all prevent,
He doth deplore, and sadly doth lament;

Yet as the Sun seems larger at his fall,
Then he appears at his Meridional,
So fares it with the Consul when He's low
Then in His Solstice, He doth greater show;
His Soul oppress'd, and bleeding with the Grief
Thus issues forth, and speaketh forth Relief,
To the undone He comfort doth unfold,
Bids them be chearful, and commends the bold;
Let none be casten down with their distress,
And let despairers hope for good Success.

While He thus spoke the proud insulting Flame,
Now at the Ancient Royal House did aim,
Chac'd thither by a West ambitious Wind,
And both of them for Ruine are design'd;
All second means, let's use says he, and Pray'rs
To stop the journey of these Harbingers;
Order your Souldiers, * Captain and Employ
Their Hands, and lay their Warlike Weapons by,
Let them now instantly dispatch and go
Raife up the Pavement of the Walks below,
And therewith stop the Windows all about
To keep this Hundred Headed Hydra out;
If that he take Possession of this place,
He will this Royal Monument deface:
So Shall the Temple into hazard run,
And every House about shall be undone

* His
Excel-
lence
Lieute-
nant
Gene-
ral
Ram-
say

When winged Fame had spread about the place
That Vulcan now the City did deface,
With his Designs, behold the ANTILOPE
Comes now to view, the Glory and the Hope,
Of Albion, who seeing her distress
He is amaz'd and full of heaviness.

Now he whose Love and Honour, and whose Blood
Was ever prompt to Charity and Good Can

Cannot be silent, to the Workmen says,
 If ye do value Honour, Worth and Praise:
 If ye wou'd be advanc'd to flying Fame,
 Now is the night to purchase you a Name,
 If you wou'd have the Character of Great:
 And yet tho' poor, deserve a vast Estate,
 Slack not your Hands, and let your Minds be bent
Vulcans Designs of Ruine to prevent;

You stand deploring, that will not allay,
 Nor quench th' expresseless mischiefs of the day
 Your City flames, O faithfull be and true
 To your own selves, and your Concernments too;
 Let not the Glory of the Land be said

Where Workmen were, it was by sloath betrai'd

By this the Captain gets together then
 His Officers and other chosen Men,
 Such valiant Ones as knew not to retire
 From the keen Sword, nor Guns, nor flames of fire,
 They bravely stand the smoke, they hazard Life,
 And shut the Windows, in the heat of strife,
 Some do above defend, others below,
 And all obey what they were order'd to:
 While He Himself then by the break of day,
 Discover'd where the greatest dangers lay,
 Doubling his force, then fell a strong debate
 Betwixt his Men, and the menacing Heat,
 Doubtfull a while, whether the Flame should yield,
 Or she shou'd chase the Valiant from the field,
 Then said the Hero, Lads, maintain your Fame,
 And be not damped with a Heartless Flame,
 This Citie we will save; know that we fight,
 'Gainst Flame and Fire for our Countreys Right:
 Encourag'd thus, they are resolv'd to Die
 Amidst the Flame, or gain the Victorie.

And now to show, as in a field their Powers,
 They damp the Foe at every turn with showers,
 And drowns her Golden Locks, and make her drop,
 And as she strives to rise and billow up, **They**

They use her as they do a cruel Foe,
And wait upon her with the rising blow.

Mean time sad *Marchmont* inwardly doth say,
Guide of my Youth, and of mine Age to day,
Who did befriend me in my sad Distress,
In Exile. Prison, and in Wretchedness,
Who by Thy secret and Thy wondrous ways
Broughtst me to enjoy the Blessings of Thy Rays ;
Thou who hast taught me to forgive the Ill,
Being a Precept of thine Holy Will.

And recompense with good each ill mean'd Deed.
Return that Mercie on thy Servants Head,
And if my headless Heart hath gone astray,
Too soon forgetting my Distressed day,
On Me alone lay Thy displeased hand ;
But take Thy Judgement off this mourning Land.

The Gracious G O D seem'd now to hear his Cry,
And inward Voice spoke with great fervency,
Unwilling too Himself, to destroy all,
His Gracious Ears, lends to soft Mercies call ;
Commands the Sun as he doth drive away
The lesser lights as useless to the day
Straight to extinguish the consuming flames
With his refulgent and more radiant beams.

When he did mount into his Chair of State
And in progression from his Golden Seat,
Then the sad Flame seem'd dash'd into his sight,
Who blush'd to see her Mischiefs in the night,
And orders her immediatly to go
Unto her Cave, and hollow Den below,
Down with your Head, if longer thou dost burn
Thy Prowess and Rebellion I'll o'erturn.
Now smoke decays and that Tyrannous Fire,
Into its ashes seemed to expire :

Yet 'mongst the rubbish it did shake it's head,
And by it's smoke portended yet more dread.

Tho' I'm constrain'd says *Vulcan* now to lurk,
Yet when commanded I'll arise and work,

I am reserv'd for doom and punishment
 Of such as will remain impenitent,
 Which shall in due time come to pass; for I
 In my late Terroures made discoverie
 Even where my Vengeance did severest flie.
 Tho' they were sad and dreadful yet some smil'd
 To see their Neighbours ruined and spoil'd ;
 And others did in secret places sing,
 And did rejoyce the Cities ruining,
 And waking *Achan* too was seen among,
 Even in the midst of the laborious throng,
 With Babilonish Robes to crown his lust,
 And of this purchase to himself did boast;
 Others as Robbers in the place did rise,
 And of Two Hundred Shekles made a Prize,
 As if that I GOD's Servant had no Eyes.
 And others too did my sad Judgements slight,
 Laughing the sorrows of that gloomy night,
 Others likewise sometime from Sin refrain:
 But Dog-like suck their Vomit up again.

Those Sins I did with Cruelty chastise
 Are extant still and all Debaucheries,
 Their Deceits, Murders and Prophaneties.
 Hypocrisie is frequent, He, who can
 Deceive his Brother is an honest Man,
 Sin is commended, Vertue is abas'd,
 What days are these wherein the Drunkard's Prais'd?
 And Fornication now is thought no Sin;
 And Pride it is to Marrie next a Kin;
 Swearing, Blasphemy, and excess of Wine
 And Ravellings are fashionably fine,
 Oppression sad is highly praised too,
 Which makes the poor in numerous parties go.

Will not my Master visit for such Things.
 Who's LORD of Lords, and potent KING of Kings:
 Yea sure He will, how is He reconcil'd?
 For that this People neither break nor yield,
 They are obdur'd, and never will make peace,
 They hug their Sins and sweetly them embrace

The

The Methods all I hitherto did take,
 To bring them Home, do no Impressions make;
 Their Cattel kill'd, yea, and themselves do die
 Of short Diseases, and of Penurie:
 Their Stock is gone, and their Commerce is broke,
 Their Palaces are vanish'd into Smoke:
 They say, that tho' their stately Lands are gone,
 They'l others build again of fairer Stone:
 What signifies the Loss of little Ore?
 W'are Young, we'l live, and we will purchase more;
 Our Ships by Storms are sunk among the Waves,
 Our Seamen too have found their brackish Graves:
 All this is nothing but a Frown of Fate,
 Which shall not hinder us from being great.
 What kind of Souls are those with whom GOD deals,
 No Sorrow moves them, nor no Loss prevails?
 Ungrateful Men, alas! what can I say,
 You weary Him, vex Him from Day to Day,
 And tho' your Pastours daily Beg and Preach,
 And labour hard to bring you within Reach,
 And promise fair Acceptance, if that so
 Your leud Flagitious Crimes ye will let go:
 But yet for all you will your selves undo.

O People flee your high Offensive Ways,
 And let good Works prolong in Peace your Days;
 And for a while, I will obscure mine Head,
 As now my Master hath me ordered;
 By Mercy thus he'l Trial make, and prove
 How ye will carry to the GOD of Love,
 Who is unwilling still to show his Wrath,
 And follow Sinners to deserved Death,
 Delighteth in them, when they do repent
 Most timeously, his Judgment to prevent.

Now as a sober Man, whose wretched Life
 Is sadly plagu'd with a debauched Wife,
 Who daily doth admonish her to be
 More temperate, and follow Pietie;

The more he doth intreat with Tears, she will
Continue in her former Vileness still :

So fares it with this People, for the more
They are advis'd their Leudness to give o'er,
The more they persevere in them along,
And are stiff-neck'd, and wickedly head-strong.

And Pastours yet cannot find any Art *Acts 7.51.*
To recal back, th' uncircumcis'd in Heart ;
Their pious Sermons profit not, they're lost ;
For always they resist the Holy Ghost ;
As the Forefathers wrought, the Children do,
Their Ears are dull, their Hearts are hard'ned too :
Nor do they fear Destruction, nor Distress,
O how they laugh, and deride Happiness ;
They have it seems destin'd themselves to Wrath,
Even to the inmost Jaws of Dreadful Death.

Now as a Book, whose Owner hath it spoil'd
With careless Fingers, and with Hands defil'd,
And Leaf by Leaf hath brought it to Decay,
Till at the last it is consum'd away,
And nothing more remains except the Skin,
Which did defend the History within :
So GOD in Rage this City will destroy
By Street and Street for her Impietie,
And nothing leave to be a Monument,
But shatter'd Walls for Owl and Cormorant,
Unless they turn, and speedily repent.

*The Fire in the Land Mercat, happening
the 28th. of October, 1701.*

A Rise again, my Messenger of Flame,
And show this stubborn People who I am ;
Show them thou'rt come from an incensed LORD,
Who hath their vile Transgressions on Record,
I grant Permission, and an ample Pow'r
To rise again, and let thy Flames devour ;

Thou

Thou hadst no Orders formerly to slay:
 But now set on, and take their Lives away;
 And on this stony People show my Might,
 And of the Day make it like Shady Night,
 Out of thy Lurking Hole, get up, obey,
 And do not fear the shining Eye of Day,
 And let the Pillars of thy Smoke arise,
 And damp the Mirrour of the Chrystal Skies.

Surprize this People also, and this Place,
 Who have not priz'd the Offers of my Grace;
 Nor any Warning; therefore I'll not spare,
 Their Houses now shall vanish into Air,
 He, who this Morning warm did lay his Head,
 At Night shall beg, and wander for a Bed,
 He, who at Dawning lively was, O ! see,
 Ere Evening come, the same shall Ashes be,
 She, who at Noon was chearful, and her Son,
 Ere the Sun set, shall perish'd be and gone,
 Whose Weeping Kindred shall seek them about
 The Flaming Earth; but shall not find them out,
 No not a Bone, so fierce shall be my Rage,
 Thou shalt destroy, and burn them off the Stage.

Now from the Harbour, where the *Pirate* lay,
 He stretcheth Him, and will his Anchor weigh;
 By piece and piece he shows his Flaming Hand,
 And lays it on the next fair Neighbour Land,
 Which instantly takes Fire, then doth he spread,
 And on a Second shows his Scorching Head;
 He with a Vengeance claps upon the Third,
 And tells the Passion of his mighty LORD.

* *Johnstoun* the Cities Guardian now in haste,
 Seeing this sad Infection spread so fast,
 Orders his Guards immediatly to come,
 To save for the Laborious Workmen Room,
 Wailing the dismal Flames; he gave Command,
 That idle Gazers shou'd remove from Hand,
 Caused to beat Alarums, and Bells to toll,
 This new devouring Tiger to control;

* *The pre-
 sent Lord
 Provost of
 Edinb.*

All

All Hands at Work, and some for Water call,
 To damp the Pyrate climbing up a Wall;
 Some baul for Ladders, his fierce Flame to stop,
 And Quenchers labour thereon, and get up,
 Others commanded are, not to give o'er,
 Till they cut down the Houses are before,
 Leave nothing standing, that the Fire can take,
 And Work for Axes, and for Hammers make;
 O labour now, good Friends, while it is day,
 Ye see this Tyger consumes all the way,
 And Vulture like, eats up all where he comes,
 And our brave City to Destruction dooms.

While inwardly he humbly doth address
 His pious Soul unto the Throne of Grace,
*Our Sins, says he, notorious are and great,
 It's just with Thee, to make us desolate:
 But if thou dost no Pity show, and take
 Us into Mercy, for thy Mercies sake,
 We, and our City, without Hope, this Night
 Shall lie in Ashes out of Humane Sight.*

While some for Fear out of the Windows flie,
 Or elle amidst the Scorching Flames must die;
 And from the Casements, Women do in haste
 Throw down their Children, and themselves at last,
 And others too are smother'd by the Fall
 Of some sad scorched half consumed Wall;

One in a smoking House, a Widow Dame
 Ere kindled fully was the ireful Flame,
 With two of her Grand-Children will presume,
 To make Escape from the most horrid Fume,
 And circumvien'd, no way they can retire,
 Nor can deceive the all-devouring Fire;
 The Children cry unto their Grand-Dame, O! }
 Now will ye save us from the Flaming Foe, }
 While she, sad Woman, knows not what to do. }
 O! Mother, hear, O! will ye hear the Cry
 Of all your Offspring ready now to die;

Is there no Comfort for the Bones you bore?
 And must the Flames your Innocents devour?
 Will you not help? Then, Strangers, give us aid,
 O! see our Grand-Dame is already laid:
 We know no Enemies to beg this Grace;
 Sure Foes wou'd pity us in such a Case.
 O! Is there none to help us in Distress?
 (Unparallel'd, and none like unto this,)
 One of them says, shall now these Bones of mine
 Be now tormented in the Flames and pine;
 I am near stifled with the Clouds of Smoke,
 And in a Nook my Brother it doth choke;
 My Father in a Storm of Sea was lost,
 And I my self now with the Heat do roast,
 O! what sad Plagues and Scourges overpow'r
 A poor extinguish'd Family this hour?
 As I do seek to make escape; the more
 I lose the Window, and I miss the Door,
 I blindly wander in a little Room,
 And still God's Judgments meet me where I come,
 I sadly shrink, and must succumb to Death,
 And Fire begins to stop my little Breath;
 O! Heavy are thy Judgments, GOD, and Wrath,
 O! Heavenly Father, unto thee I cry,
*Receive my Soul, when in the Flames I fry,
 And do vouchsafe, who dost in Zion dwell,
 That I may find, nor see no other Hell.*

A Reverend Citizen, whose Name shall be
 Embalm'd with Honour to Posterity;
 For unexampled Love, and Charitie,
 To save his Offspring, and his only Son,
 Who even now the threatning Heat did shun,
 No sooner enters he the fatal Place;
 But killing Smoke assaults him in the Face,
 Wherewith he's damped, and near out of Breath,
 And it surrounds, and threatens now his Death,

O! Heaven, says he, now whether am I led
Among the Flames my days seem ruined,

Smoke

*Smoak dashes me, and Heat doth here abound;
 Vulcan arrests me in his torrid ground,
 Me with his flaming Fetters strong he ties,
 He makes me shrink, and shut both Lips and Eyes,
 None dare presume to rescue my poor Breath
 Unless they come like me unto their Death.*

*O Holy G O D, who hath been my Defence
 Mine Age along, my Rock, and Confidence
 Tho' Thou upon me lays thy Flaming Rod
 And to my Days puts here a Period,
 Tet to my Soul do thou continue G O D.*

*And note my dying words incline thine Ear,
 Grant the Petition of my latest Pray'r,
 Receive my winged Soul, preserve the same
 From that long lasting and eternal flame.*

*While thus he did entreat his Soul to save,
 He fell asleep into his burning Grave.*

*A Manly Child in terrour and in fear,
 Of the pursuing Flame which was now near,
 Strangely neglected in a House alone
 As others did, he did his days bemoan,
 And by the Flames he's perished and gone.*

*Larger and larger still the Fires increase,
 Like to spring Tides which follow furth the chace:
 No Art can stop their way, Mens Hearts do fail,
 And some retire, since they cannot prevail.*

*The Magistrates *each take a several post,
 Some here, some there, and where it needed most,
 Encouraging all such with able hand,
 And said to those who did in danger stand;
 Be helpfull now, dear Friends, do what ye can,
 Appear by Work, like Interested Men,
 The more ye labour, and the more ye do
 It's for your Honour and your Citie too:*

*Thus do the Baillies for their parts behave,
 Bewailing what by no means they can save,
 And piously they from their Souls do Pray
 To G O D to quench the judgements of the Day*

*B. Cunningham.
 B. Hutcheson
 B. Neilson.
 B. Hay.*

*We in Thy sight, LORD are not innocent,
 We justly merit all this Punishment,
 Before Thy wrath, w're not able to stand,
 Who can endure this Thy hot scourging hand ?
 Upon this place Thy Judgement heavy lies,
 Our Walls are fill'd with many ruthfull cries;
 As a fierce Giant, with his beam like-spear,
 Banded and Pointed beyond ordinar,
 With Violence upon his Foe doth run,
 So by Thy Judgements we are all undon.*

*In vain's all labour there where Thou contends,
 Thy weakness far, our strongest force withstands,
 Thou art Omnipotent, and Wise and High ;
 See at Thy feet among the Flames we die.
 Behold our Houses, how they burn and fall ;
 Thy Scourges are obedient to Thy call :
 Remove our Sins, O LORD and Mercie show
 To us and our poor City that is low.*

*Some privately seeing the People Faint
 Out-weep an Hermit, and Out-pray a Saint,
 Beseeching GOD to visit them betimes,
 And pour down Mercies for a Thousand Crimes,
 Our grievous Sins are many without doubt,
 And more by far, then tongue can number out,
 Drown them into the Ocean of thy Love,
 And cause thy dreadfull Tyrant to remove.*

*Nor are the zealous Pastours silent now,
 Their Pious Minds and Eyes they upward throw
 Unto the great offended GOD, and Pray
 With flowing Eyes, on bended Knees and say.*

*LORD, slow to Wrath, and Father prone to Grace,
 O Sheath again Thy flaming Sword a space,
 What ? hast Thou said this Citie shall decay,
 And that Thou wilt destroy't this very Day,
 She's as a Tree corrupted ; therefore I
 Doom her to flame, she shall in Ashes ly:
 I often have expected she would yield
 Good Fruit, and not stand useless in the field,*

And

*And certainly I will her rewe confound,
She does but cumber and infect the ground.*

*It's true O G O D She's so as Thou hast said,
She's all corrupt and as a Tree decay'd:
But in Thy Mercie do her yet forbear,
Untill the growth of the succeeding Tear,
And we shall dig about and prune again,
And if that then our Labours be in vain,
And that she will not yield expected Fruit,
All Thy just Vengeance justly Execute.*

*If at the beam of Justice Thou wilt weigh
The works of Men that wander every day;
If Thou wilt number Sins which pass the Sand;
Who will presume before Thee once to stand?
Not only We alone shall perish then,
But All, this All shall burn to ashes clean,
And even this day shall Thy just Wrath prevent,
The dreadfull Day of Thy last Dooms intent,
The World into Confusion shall return,
Then on thine Altars who shall Incense burn?
And therefore spare, O, do thy People spare,
Behold our City flaming in the Air.*

*Forgive our Sins, Thy Holy Will engrave,
Upon our Hearts, and daign Thy self to save,
Look not, alas! what we have been before:
But on Thy Mercies which Thou keeps in store,
And give us Grace that we offend no more.*

*Th' Eternal G O D who never did deny
The gushing faithfull, and their zealous cry
Accepts their Prayers, did command the Fire
Straight to depart and instantly expire,
No more this pardon'd People do infest,
Nor do their City with thy Flames molest,
Nor yet their Lands, and Wealth do more dismay,
Unless hereafter they will disobey.*

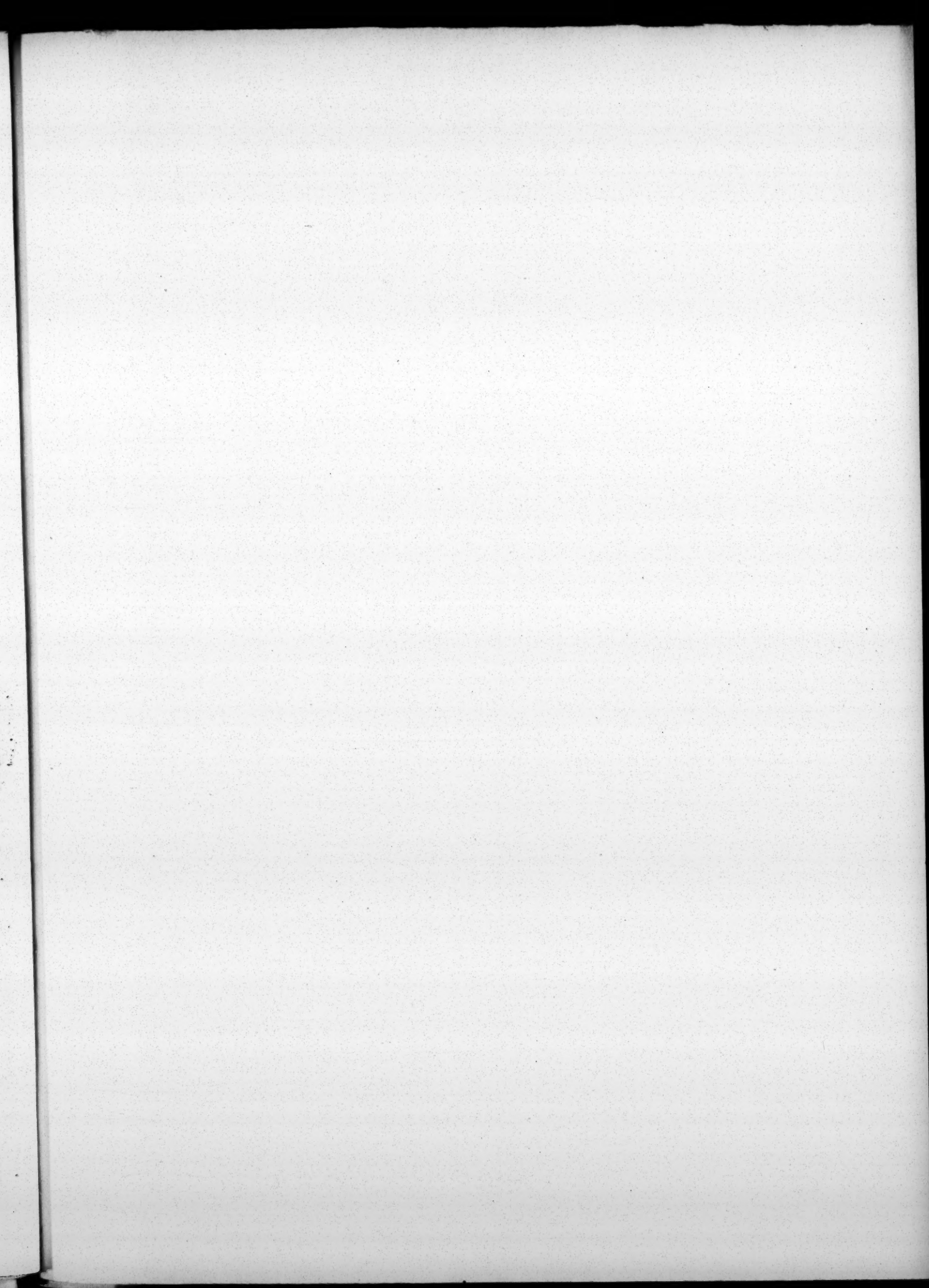
*The obedient Judgement says, O L O R D Thou sees,
I am for Peace, or War, as Thou dost please;*

I'm silenc'd at Thy Word, I dare no more
 Make poor this People, and themselves devour:
 And as Thou hast ordain'd me, here I stand,
 I must not stretch beyond Thy just command;
 As Thou thy self didst *Sodom* overthrow,
 And that Incestuous Seat *Gomorrhah* too:
 So I have punish'd some among the Flame,
 That others may take warning by the same,
 Who were (in Pitie) pluckt as a Firebrand
 Out of the Burning by Thy saving hand,
 Or I had all consum'd, I had laid waste
 Each Habitation, and those too at last.

Now, Remnant, ye unto G O D's favour owe
 Your Lives, your Fortunes, and Thanksgivings too;
 Wherefore, O People, be no longer rude:
 But show your Praises, and your Gratitude,
 Sing pious Songs, Melodious, and say,
 You owe to G O D the Mercy of the Day,
 Whose Goodness boundless is, obliging you
 To greater Dutie then before ye knew;
 Henceforth be pious, and go Sin no more,
 Nor cherrish Sins, as ye have done before;
 For G O D for Sins hath many Plagues in store.

E I N I S.





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